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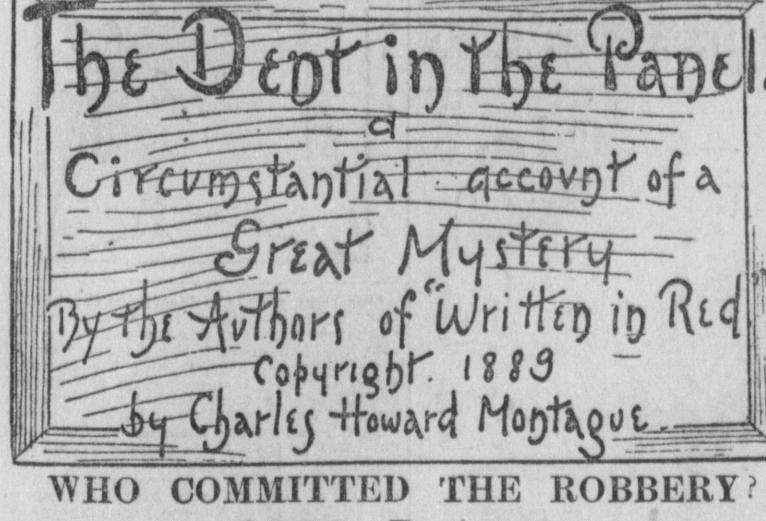
The Boston Weekly Globe.

VOL. XVIII.—NO. 1.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 1, 1890.

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“THE DENT IN THE PANEL.”
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PRICE FIVE CENTS.



WHO COMMITTED THE ROBBERY?

\$200 Reward.

A reward of \$200 will be paid to the readers who send in the best solutions of the mystery presented in the GLOBE story, “THE DENT IN THE PANEL.” To entitle you to compete for it you must be either a yearly (\$1.00) or a six months (50 cents) subscriber. Subscribe as early as possible, and get as many friends as you can to subscribe with you. When you have examined this paper please show it to your neighbors. Back numbers will be supplied until the next to the last instalment is reached. \$100 to the subscriber who sends the best solution; \$50 to the subscriber who sends the next best solution; \$40 to the subscriber who sends the next best solution. Three cash prizes for the best three solutions.

If you do not get the first prize you may get the second prize; if you do not get the second prize you may get the third prize; if you do not get either prize you will have had the richest mental exercise and entertainment you ever had from any story you have read. Every man, woman or child who becomes a subscriber can compete for it, and one subscriber is guaranteed to have as fair and as free a chance to win one of the three prizes as another.

NO LIVING PERSON will know the secret of the mystery until the publication of the last chapter, in one month after publication of all the preceding chapters. The last chapter is under seal and lock in THE GLOBE NEWSPAPER COMPANY's private safe, to be removed only at the appointed time.

Every reader will have ample time to make up his mind regarding the correct explanation of the mystery of who committed the robbery between the publication of the chapter preceding the last chapter and the final instalment, which will be published at least one month later.

The reader will not be restricted to any fixed number of words in explaining his theory, provided:

- That he is a subscriber not in arrears;
- That he states in the opening sentence of his letter who committed the robbery;

3. That his statement involves only one theory — two different theories must not be sent in over one signature.

CHAPTER X.

MILDRED ANSWERS ONE QUESTION. Still glaring at this defiant figure, Dr. Vroom stepped slowly toward her. He had not yet recovered his breath from the clutching fist struck to the floor by the beautiful group of the huntress-goddess and her train.

Almost mechanically he looked down at the fragments of the much-tried work of art that lay at his feet, but his look soon fixed itself again upon Mr. Otto Hermann, who had come to him to speak.

“Well, well,” he muttered at last, straightening his lips as he took a seat upon a chair which had been exerted by this girl. “The young lady has her reasons for the course she has taken. Whether she is right or wrong, I am not sure. But I am sure that I should be less than a man if I did not resent it.”

Explanations are unnecessary on my part, but the young man — “The doctor,” the young lady has her reasons for the course she has taken. Whether she is right or wrong, I am not sure. But I am sure that I should be less than a man if I did not resent it.”

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Mr. Penfold “I will ask the lady herself to determine this point of difference.”

“I can ask,” returned Mr. Penfold, “for nothing so much as that.”

Mr. Hermann expressed his acquiescence with a smile.

“My dear Mildred,” the doctor said, in softer tones, as he looked at the young girl, “you have heard what these gentlemen have said, and you have a right to voice your opinion on which they, unfortunately, disagreed.”

“I am afraid I do,” answered Mildred, very faintly.

“Then clear up the difficulty, my dear, obstinate, foolish little woman, by telling me what you think that Mr. Penfold should give up his place here?”

Mildred stood with downcast eyes, silent, and looked at her uncle with a look of inquiry, as though suddenly nervous to fulfil a most distasteful duty.

“I think it best for me, best for himself, best for all, that Mr. Penfold should go!”

“I am afraid I do,” answered Mildred.

“Then clear up the difficulty, my dear, obstinate, foolish little woman, by telling me what you think that Mr. Penfold should give up his place here?”

Mildred started with downcast eyes, silent, and looked at her uncle with a look of inquiry, as though suddenly nervous to fulfil a most distasteful duty.

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“I am afraid I do,” answered Mildred.

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RENEW BEFORE TOO LATE.

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THE GLOBE NEWSPAPER CO.

242 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., as
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ond class matter.

L. A. PHILLIPS, M. D.

A NATURAL GAS SPECULATION.

Chicago is about to supply itself with gas piped from the natural gas fields of Indiana, 160 miles away. This may, after all, prove a useless expense, for scientists are gradually coming to the belief that natural gas may be pretty evenly distributed everywhere under the surface of the earth. At any rate it is constantly cropping up in unlooked-for localities, as the gas wells recently discovered in Ogden, Utah, attest. Before long it may be proven conclusively that the earth is nothing but a big egg, with a thin shell of soil covering a tremendous yolk of gas.

NOT AT ALL "LOVELY."

Reports come from Tennessee that the peach trees are in full bloom, while strawberries hang fresh from the vines, and were served on many tables on Christmas day.

In Pennsylvania the butterflies fit in the warm sun, the flowers are getting ready to bloom, and the peach trees to blossom.

Upon such sights many men hastily congratulate each other, and exclaim, "Isn't it lovely weather?"

No. It has not been lovely weather, either in Tennessee or in Massachusetts. It is most unlovely weather in its results. It is not extravagance to say that it has been villainous weather—germ-breeding, poisonous, unnatural and deadly.

Everything is lovely in its season. But mild spring weather in midwinter is out of season and portends disease. Its smiles are alluring, but its embrace is deadly.

AGENTS WANTED.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE wishes an agent for every town to form a club to read the new story, "The Dent in the Panel," and send in solutions of its mystery. Who committed the robbery? THE WEEKLY is a family household journal needed by every member of the family, and in addition to the feature of cash prizes for the solution of the mysteries of the serial stories, has many other features peculiar to itself, to make it a welcome guest in every home.

Mr. SHEARMAN, who is an ardent advocate of the change, recently admitted that "real estate" is construed to mean land only, then the tax could not be shifted, but must rest finally on the owners of the land. At once, then, the question would become one of justice. Is it just that owners of land should bear the whole expenses of a bond?

The Boston Executive Business Association, however, does not push the question to this extreme. It does not propose a single tax on land, but a double tax on land and buildings. It is admitted that taxes on buildings are easily shifted, and that the tenant really pays the tax. The land owners, therefore, would not pay the tax, but only a part of it; say half.

The strongest argument in favor of the proposition is, it seems to us, the stimulus it would unquestionably give to business in the community adopting it. Rivers of capital would flow to a city where capital is not taxed. Capital which is now hidden away for fear of the assessor would come out for investment in productive industries. All this would employ labor and have a strong tendency to raise wages. Unless the tax were pushed too high the real estate owners would probably be more than compensated for assuming the whole burden by the increased value of their holdings consequent upon the greater business activity. This is now so well perceived that many of the largest real estate owners in Boston favor taxing real estate only.

Massachusetts naturally leads her sister states in the adoption of reforms. The Australian ballot system is the latest example. And, upon due consideration, the change in the tax laws which the Boston Executive Business Association advocates may prove to be an even more valuable reform than that of the ballot system. It is certainly worthy of a full and impartial hearing.

WHY DOCTORS DISAGREE.

The fact that varied and even contradictory opinions are given by different doctors regarding many matters of simple hygiene or habits of life—not to mention the still greater differences of opinion regarding therapeutics—has been a very common subject for ridicule and jest, and has given rise to a growing sentiment of distrust, if not of disrespect for the medical profession as a whole. It has even been questioned whether there is anything deserving the name of Science relating to medicine.

While there is, admittedly, little enough of positive, absolute knowledge in this field of research, the medical profession suffers an injustice in this ridicule and disrespect, because it is indiscriminate and ignores certain facts which account largely for the differences noted.

DEMOCRATIC HOUSEKEEPING.

Everywhere the assertive spirit of individualism is proving its strength, but nowhere more plainly than in the kitchens of the country. As a result, there is a great deal said and a great deal more remaining to be said about better conditions of work for the women and girls who serve in the homes of other people.

There is a great deal of friction between employers and employed in domestic service, much more than was apparent 20 years ago. The change of relations has come about, as Mrs. LYNN LINTON points out in a recent magazine article, because of the growth of the modern spirit of democracy.

A woman who works under the roof of another woman very justly thinks herself made of the same flesh and blood, and entitled, in some degree at least, to respectful and humane consideration. She no longer looks upon herself as of a different order of beings.

It takes time to change the old feudal relation of mistress and servant to the modern business relation of employer and employee. But this must be recognized as the only possible solution of the domestic difficulty, and the problem is made easier by the growing facilities for having work "done out of the house." With washing, ironing, baking, mending and very often the cooking of meals, taken from her tasks, the domestic worker has a chance of getting her work done between sun and sun, and there is a possibility that hours of work may be regulated upon a less rigorous and depressing basis.

The wisest women who rule their households most successfully and with the least possible friction in the matter of service, are those who recognize cheerfully the democratic principle which reigns in the kitchen as well as in the parlor, the right of every individual according to his popular

needs, then it will be understood why differing opinions regarding these matters may be given by different physicians—or by the same physician to different individuals—in what may be assumed to be exactly the same conditions. It will also appear why unqualified, sweeping opinions, which are sure to be contradicted, are not likely to be given by others than theorists and impractical representatives of the medical profession, by whom the profession as a whole cannot justly be judged.

portion of each day's time for individual pursuits, interests and occupations.

Housekeeping must of necessity become more and more democratic in the arrangement of hours and obligations. The tyrannical woman has no chance of keeping good service, if she is fortunate enough to obtain it. It is impossible for a tyrannical woman to direct the affairs of her home according to the enlightened notions of modern domestic life. She who "looketh well to the ways of her household" nowadays is she who adapts herself to meet changing conditions with generosity, kindness and good temper.

MINNA C. SMITH.

A LABOR FALLY.

In the discussion of the eight-hour system of labor it is an argument of the capitalists that mental labor is much more exhaustive than physical labor. The responsibilities that attach to positions of trust, the stresses of the mental strain, the cares and anxieties and vexations involved, are all magnified by the opponents of the eight-hour system. Their aim is to prove that mental laborers have a much harder time of it than the manual workers, and hence that their demand for the reduction of the hours of labor is an injustice.

But it is indubitably proven by experience that there is nothing so onerous, and in fact, unendurable to man as hard physical labor. It is the one unmitated evil which all men try to escape. Pure physical exertion, without any mixture of mental effort, is painful and distasteful to everybody. No man will dig a hole in the ground for the fun of the thing. There is no sport in picking rocks or digging sewers. Work is pleasant when it is mixed with brains, and all other kinds of work is a burden.

Congenital mental labor, on the other hand, is delightful. A man who has found such congenital work is assured of a lifetime of pleasant and absorbing occupation. If such a man works too hard it is simply because he is so infatuated with his work that his enthusiasm gets the better of his judgment.

Responsibilities which attach to position of trust are much exaggerated. Responsibilities never much worry a man who is competent to fill the position he occupies. They add a zest and spice and give inspiration to his work. For such a man there are no crushing heavy responsibilities.

The statement that mental labor is as hard or harder than physical labor is a fallacy that is disproved by the universal experience of mankind.

S. W. FOSS.

EDITORIAL POINTS.

"La Griffe" has come in such good earnest at last that nobody scoffs at it, or doubts its existence. The main question is, "What to do for it?" Red flannel and garments are the best remedies yet discovered.

It has in course of publication the first of a series of religious stories by eminent students of the Bible and sacred history, "Joshua: A Story of Egyptian Israelitish Life," by the distinguished George Ernest Stetson, to be found on another page, is the first one of the series. They communicate in the form of fiction, the most helpful and instructive religious truths.

Other features, of no less value and interest, are in active preparation.

You cannot afford to keep house next year without THE WEEKLY GLOBE.

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THE UNIVERSAL MALADY.

(Somerville Journal.)

Why is all the house so dismal?

Papa got the gripe.

Why this look of woe abysmal?

Papa's got the gripe.

Why this sneezing? Why this blowing and this wheezing?

Why that tone and manner freezing?

Fa-fa's got the gripe.

What's this turmoil and confusion?

Mamma's got the gripe.

She knows well it's no illusion,

It's a bad case of the gripe.

Back, head, heart, knee, and arm are aching;

Bairn feels heavy, knees are shaking;

Don't the children get a racking?

Mamma's got the gripe.

Why this howling and this yelling?

Baby's got the gripe.

When you're a parent it's telling.

Baby's got the gripe.

Just as if a pine were sticking.

In his tender flesh, and prickling.

Baby's got the gripe.

For, oh, some relief effective.

Fresh red cloth gripes!

Oh, for some red cloth ineffective.

To despatch the gripe.

When you've taken six or seven

Quinine pills, and need eleven

More, it makes you sigh for heaven,

Where there is no gripe.

EARLY STEEL PENS.

Wardsworth Makes the Earliest Men-
tion of Them.

(Notes and Queries.)

The earliest notice of steel pens that I have met with is by Wardsworth. In 1806 he and his family were occupying the house at Colerton during the absence of Sir George and Lady Beaumont, and in the month of December the poet wrote to the latter what he calls "the longest letter I ever wrote in my life," and with reason.

He writes: "Dear Sir—Your son-in-law, Dr. Edmunds, has been occupying the house at Colerton since his marriage with your daughter, and I am sorry to say that he is not a man to be trifled with."

Dr. Edmunds had been a student at

Cambridge, and had been a member of the

University Club, and had been a member of the

Harvard Club, and had been a member of the

Massachusetts Club, and had been a mem-

ber of the Boston Club, and had been a mem-

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HOWARD'S LETTER.

Effects of Climatic Changes
on Certain Trades.

Difference in Costumes of Actors and
Actresses and Their Salaries.

Some Other Social Changes Considered
by the Philosopher.

Our Hotels are Different.

The old-time hotel was a literal home for the traveller. In those days of easy going the stage coach would drive up with cracking whip and snorting horses with a rush to the door of the tavern. Stretching their arms over the high-backed settles the most hospitable landlord as he stood upon his piazza, and after lavatory refreshment one and all would enter the dining-room and enjoy the prepared material together. Now, while flying along the road, 40 or 50 miles an hour, the traveller dines in sumptuousness. Even the railroad restaurant, save for a bite, is a thing of the past, while the old-time road taverns disappeared, dismantled and forlorn, when the stage coach was rolled into the out-of-the-way town. Travellers now rest and go to their rooms without thought of unhooked or unstrung traps. A man may live in a hotel for years, and never see the proprietor. The chambermaid, the bell boy and the cashier are all he need ever come in contact with, unless he prefers to make acquaintances. Prices have gone up; the European system obtains, and all idea of sociality has vanished, the one idea being money, money, money!

Human nature doesn't change much. So far as the records show, man has always been.

Curious About His Neighbor.

Gossips have lived since the earliest times, and old dame rumor is no more responsible today for tales and back-biting than she was thousands and thousands of years ago. She is a creature of the progress of science have done much, however, to undermine public sentiment in respect to gossip. Now that it costs next to nothing to utilize the numerous cables that rest upon the bed of the tumultuous ocean, we are favored every day with columns of gush and utter insanity, with gossip, almost certain to be contradicted the day following, from the dirt and scandal heaps of Europe.

A disposition to furnish this sort of stuff necessitates constant espionage, and, as a result, a good many a man of tact who are called reporters, but who might much better be designated as snoopers.

In order that I may not be thought

personal, I refrain from mentioning the great metropolitan daily in which occurred the following extraordinary confession.

Having been sent by his newspaper to report the proceedings of the funeral service over the mortal remains of the lamented Dr. A. T. St. John, a fellow found his way into the big-headed editor. I quote, leaving on the name of the paper, "The editor said, as Mr. Grady had left it,

"It was a tradition in Syria and in the other countries that the disease was always transmitted on the shores. Altitude was looked upon as a barrier insurmountable by the denouement. But this year it went very well, and we were able to

cross the mountains and the deserts at the highest altitude, and the disease followed us throughout the town. You remember how it was the custom invariably to have a 'double bill.' Tragedy was preceded by farce, and in many very many instances from three to five farces would constitute the menu of an evening's entertainment. New managers consider primarily, runs. A play that doesn't run a hundred nights is regarded as a failure. There is not a manager in New York, and I know of none in Boston or Chicago or in France, where recognition is taken of the fact that the play of the day is precisely as it was thousands of years ago, hundreds of years ago, scores of years ago. There is running today in one of the chief theatres of the country a play which draws large audiences every night. I have yet to see a man or woman who came away pleased with the play, as given. The actors are peculiar favorites, and, although the manager is himself extremely unpopular, his theatre is a resort of fashion, or wealth, or intelligence. His company is giving a mediocre performance.

Young People Go and Are Bored, old people go and shake their heads, yet the manager will keep that play upon the boards, and he will make money by it, because he can't afford to let the cost of his house and the popularity of his people in another theatre, for the sole purpose of forcing a run, an extremely weak and inefficient company are playing a most senseless lot of imbecility, and the houses are papered to an extent which is appalling when the week's receipts are counted up Saturday night. It used to be said, "the play's the thing." It is not so today. Theron's the things. A play that makes a failure, runs on for 20 or 30 nights, causes the manager to say, "This is indeed a most feint certain at least of 100 nights." Here long runs lead up to certain physical considerations. A manager who expects to run a play four, five, six months may well afford a large outlay, a liberal investment, and instead of thinking of the extravagances of the scenes, the scenic disclosures, the paraphernalia, the mounting, the furnishing, it is said that the public demands magnificent dressing.

Well, let's look at that a moment.

A play is running in one of our chief theatres today, having made quite a success. A lady of the company said to the leading man,

"How Much Did It Cost You to costume this part?" "Well," he said, "as I only have to wear the ordinary attire of a man in my position, it cost me nothing \$10 for a hat. What did it cost you?" "It cost me \$750 for new dresses," she replied. The man receives \$200 a week salary; the woman gets \$75 a week salary. In other words, anticipating a run, she expected before the curtain rose on the first performance 10 weeks' income. Now, suppose the play had been a failure, and had been taken off at the end of 30 days. Sometimes they are taken off the end of one week. Who can tell what woman be? The women on the stage are badly paid. The leading man in our ordinary theatres plays ordinarily the role of a gentleman, so far as attire goes. He may be a villain, a blackleg, a rascal, an honest-minded man, a good fellow, a victim, a schemer, it makes no difference, about all he needs for his wardrobe is one or possibly two working costumes, a dressing gown, a suit, stockings, gloves, etc., a dress suit in this play is perfectly good for the next, and so a most elaborate dresser, masculine, can array himself in a style more ultra ultra for an entire year at an outlay of possibly \$400 or \$500. The leading lady cast in roles analogous must be provided in a five-piece with at least three new dresses, and two others faked up, and no women need be told that such dresses as are worn by the leading ladies of our modern theatres are not obtainable for anything this side of \$100 each, and often running up to twice and three times that figure. Yet the

Woman Receives Smaller Pay.

relating to the women's salaries, the premium entirely on the women's directions, the women say "the public will have it," but the public in their hearts would infinitely prefer to see costly garments and wonder whence the money comes with which to purchase them. If a leading man received \$200 a week, the leading woman should receive \$300 a week at the very outset. The seasons last 40 weeks, and there remain a good three months of enforced idleness, during which they must live on what they drink, the water they live, the rents, clothes, and the money saved out of their salaries during the nine months enough to live on during the idle time, and besides that dress and ornament the stage of their theatres. There is a great and most significant and a most suggestive change in this regard, and there is a great change on the stage also in this regard.

In other words the public could cast the play just as well as a manager.

The leading lady, the leading man

his, the old lady hers, the old man his, the sassy soubrette hers, the low comedian his, the walking gentleman his, and the walking lady hers, and each and every one of these had a wardrobe which served to dress them in this play tonight, in that tomorrow night, and in something else the night following.

Spectacularly considered, the stage has advanced.

That is very largely due to the introduction of gas, now to the use of electricity, and to improvements in mechanisms and to the magnificence of disclosures of artists, some of whose scenic offerings are worthy of careful consideration and of all the money that the ticket brings to their pockets.

DISEASE OF MANY FORMS.

La Grippe Allied to the
Dengue.

Of Tropical Origin it is Modified in
Temperate Climes.

Consideration of the Epidemic by the
French Academy.

At the last meeting of the French Academy of Medicine in Paris, Prof. Proust communicated to the members present the conclusions of the committee charged with the examination of the two papers addressed to the academy by Dr. de Brun, professor at the Berrouet Medical School. The Dengue in question, which some physicians believe to be the dengue modified on its way through northern countries.

The repeated blows which it has struck since last summer in the eastern basin of the Mediterranean show that it possesses a great power of dissemination and gives us a reason to fear, as Dr. de Brun remarks, that the prevailing epidemic is spreading.

"The dengue," said Prof. Proust, "which probably originated in the torrid zone, has a tendency to spread to the more temperate regions. The repeated blows which it has struck since last summer in the eastern basin of the Mediterranean show that it possesses a great power of dissemination and gives us a reason to fear, as Dr. de Brun remarks, that the prevailing epidemic is spreading."

This year paid a fresh tribute to the disease, which, suddenly passing the limits within which it had been confined since 1861, took a start toward the north.

Not only were Cyprus, Rhodes, Syros, the islands of the Greek archipelago, attacked, but also Sicily, Italy, and, crossing the Alps, the schools were debated, the general opinion being that it would be unwise to resort to so rigorous a measure against a disease which all agreed in considering benign.

Frank Palma, in which pleasing sentiment is melodiously expressed, it has the popular qualities, and is easy. "In Old Madrid Trotter is in bolero time, and is a charming 8th sec. The music is simple, and the words are simple, too, though it might be the dengue modified on its way through northern countries.

Dr. du Brun-Baumetz thought that it was not well to pronounce too hasty a judgment on the nature of the disease, it was possible that the grippe now confronting us was the dengue of hot countries in a form peculiar to cooler countries.

Dr. de Brun-Baumetz had been watching the epidemic for a week in the college where he was the physician, and found that it did not resemble any case of dengue that he had ever seen. He had, however, thought it might be the dengue modified on its way through northern countries.

Dr. de Brun-Baumetz observed that he had observed a grippe in tropical countries, and that it had nothing in common with the prevailing epidemic. He thought the disease was not a grippe, but a dengue, and that nothing could be done to counteract it. He hoped the academy would not be afraid of the word, and that it was safe to speak of the grippe, which carried a very exact meaning, was good enough for him.

There was some further discussion, during which the advisability of closing the schools was debated, the general opinion being that it would be unwise to resort to so rigorous a measure against a disease which all agreed in considering benign.

AN ELECTRIC CIGAR LIGHTER.

A Machine That Would Scare a Timid Smoker.

[Chicago Journal.]

The uses to which electricity can be put are almost too numerous to mention, but a local restaurant proprietor is the first I have seen to utilize the fiery agent as a cigar lighter. On the top of the case in which the machine is contained is a small globe which carries a very exact meaning.

"The movement of grain," says the owner, "is to the grippe in the torrid zone, as the East make the dengue border on depression. While prospects for the future are generally regarded with great confidence, the present state of trade is not quite satisfactory, and in some quarters the delay of collections causes fear of commercial embarrassments. This is more particularly noticeable in the clothing and textile industries, which are still in a period of depression.

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HIS FIRST BATTLE.

A Young Lieutenant Pictures the Horrors of War.

Vivid Story of the Conflict Raging Fiercely All Around.

Killing Men by Thousands—Modern War Unworthy of Humanity.

[Aragonist Translation from the Russian.]
The stars had gone out; dawn reddened the horizon; the air was warm; pale; the birds chirred in the grasses. A fresh breeze fanned the heavy evails of Allochine as he lay disturbed and restless in a half-sleep.

At last, he roused himself abruptly, threw himself into the saddle, and looked about him.

To the right a foggy curtain concealed the spectacle, the fresh killing about to begin. Directly in front of the advancing army were the menacing front of the Turkish fortresses; in the distance, on the toward the East, the snowy summits of Alasque and Ararat sparkled under the fire of the coming sun like two great emeralds.

"How beautiful," began Allochine, but the smile on his lips quickly vanished at sight of the ambulance corps in the wake of the batteries, with its litters swinging low.

The dazzling spectacle of the morning was gone for him in a moment; his lip trembled, his heart contracted with bitter pain.

"I, too, shall soon be dead!" came anew the haunted thought; "those same litters, those silent biers, will carry me as pale, as lifeless as the others!" And he felt a great pity for himself, for his youth, for the brief happiness allotted him on the earth.

"It will be finished today," thought he, "everything—today," but he instantly thrust from him the cowardly thought which all at once seemed to have seized upon him.

Was it not by his own desire that he had gone to war? He had hurried even to be in time for the taking of Kars, and now—Allochine turned his eyes from the train of litters to the left of the road, and the black mass of his advancing army.

Before his battery marched the gallant regiment of Radofiski. It moved slow, almost停滞不前, and the men were weary and lined with fatigue, but tranquil. Two young officers at the head of the regiment were talking together, one of them smiling.

Allochine rubbed his eyes and looked again at these officers. Were they laughing? Yes, laughing joyfully, as though the world were down to their hearts to their heads.

What, after all, was there so frightful in war and battle? See how clear and blue the heavens, how brilliant the sun! How the mountains, green and brown, tranquilly marched that intrepid army corps, now blackening the road, now shining in the gathering light!

As a young courier—an adjutant by his dress, bearded with smoke and powder, his horse covered with foam and sweat, his gun pointed at the sky, his broad-brimmed hat soaked with sweat, and his restless eyes literally protruded with excitement. In a second he was surrounded—questioned and stopped, and then, before the captains of the battery, caught him by the arms.

"The battle! the battle!" they cried; "tell us about the battle."

"I only stamped the courier: "Kis-Tap taken by the enemy, the Ilisski regiment cut down General Karabashoff, Captain Karabashoff and Va-

rinski and Prince Daboff wounded, and God knows how many more made prisoners." And having said this, the courier continued his course, the combatants turning to their horses, and they saw him in the distance in the grasp of the second regiments, shaking and waving his arms, and shouting.

He was waving them the same particular.

A feeling of anger and shame swept like a flame over all the battery.

"Forward, march!" sharply commanded Litvinov to the line, which had instinctively halted, his habitually grave and measured tones.

"Forward, march!" repeated Zaitzeff after him, with still more irritation.

Allochine said not a word, but his heart throbbed with the weight of emotion, and he asked himself, like all the others: "My God! what is going to happen now?"

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NEWS OF THE WEEK

Father, Mother and Children
Burned to Death.

Race Troubles and Lynchings—Funeral
of Gen. H. W. Grady.

Burying an Empty Coffin—Notable Fires
—Brief Notes.

Detroit, Dec. 28.—A Tribune special from Hancock, Mich., says:

A family named Gross, consisting of the parents and ten children, with a visitor, were consumed in a burning dwelling at Huron early this morning.

Theodore Gross returned from a dance near by at 2 o'clock. At 2:30 a son, Theodore Jr., returned from the Huron stamp mills, where he is employed. He went into the house and died.

Sixty-four hours was awakened by his brother Nicholas who heard screams coming from an adjoining room, occupied by their three sisters and three little brothers.

They ran to the partition door and found the room a mass of flames. Smoke and fire were ascending the stairway and the boys sprang to the window and looked out. When they reached the ground suddenly cut by glass and in a semi-inude condition.

One attempted to enter the house on the ground, but when he reached the other children ran sleep, but was driven back by the flames that enveloped the building.

It was impossible for the spectators, who quickly gathered, to save the inmates. They were compelled to stand by and hear their agonizing cries.

In the course of three hours a searching party went over the ruins and discovered the remains of the 11 bodies distinguished only by the sizes of the bones. They were removed in a neighbor box and deposited in the public hall.

The victims were: Theodore Gross, aged 37; his wife, Mrs. Gross, 32; their son, Theodore Jr., 12; his wife, Jessie, Michael and Lentle, all children of Mr. and Mrs. Gross and a daughter of Lake Linden's queen.

The house had been on fire from 2 to 22 years. There is no reliable information as to how the fire started. Theodore Gross, Jr., says that it might have originated from the lamp which he supposed to be extinguished before he went to bed.

RACE RIOTS.

Blacks and Whites Arrayed Against Each Other in Georgia.

Chief Marshal Legett set out on Christmas day to arrest a negro desperado named Brewer at Jessup, Ga. Brewer resisted arrest, put his gun to his shoulder and deliberately shot Assistant Marshal Barnhill, killing him instantly. The chief marshal then shot Brewer in the head, and then, having received a fire and shot, leaped through both legs. Brewer and a crowd of 10 or 12 men then fled to the swamp. The report of the guns threw the town into a whirlwind of excitement, and the negroes were followed into the swamp by several citizens. Among them were William Wood, a negro, and his son, John, who had gone into the swamp, and then young Wood ran behind them. Brewer rose up and shot him in the head, killing him instantly, and shot the boy in the face. Accomplishing this much, the negroes ran farther into the swamp and escaped.

As a result of this encounter, the neighboring country for miles around is in a state of alarm and turmoil. The people, black and white, are arrayed against each other. Five neighboring towns in that and adjoining counties on Dec. 26 sent for ward detachments of armed white men to protect the negroes. The negroes, however, had gone into the blacks' club. Women and children were removed to places of safety in the hills. The uninfected negroes have taken up positions in the swamp near town, known as McMillian's.

At about 3 o'clock Friday morning a party of unknown men attacked the jail, drew swords and clubs, and made off with Peter Johnson and Bill Hopps, who were wounded and captured in the fight. The negroes were unarmed, but about a half mile from the jail, but by this time a detachment arrived there everything was quiet and all that there was to indicate what had happened were the bodies of the dead negroes.

At Clarksville, Tenn.

At Clarksville, Tenn., on Thursday last Frank Morrison, a special policeman, attempted to arrest Bob McCutcheon, colored, who was wanted for larceny. Several policemen came to the assistance of Morrison, whereupon Joe Foeman, colored, assaulted Chief of Police Stafford with a stick, striking him over the head. The officers drew their revolvers and fired. One bullet struck Morrison in the back. He will die. Foeman tried to run away but was pursued by the chief, who shot him in the stomach. The reports of the police said that he was captured after being wounded.

The negroes were compelled to do this in a very successful manner, the citizens of the town not knowing anything about it. A great many negroes were killed at the scene of the shooting, and more trouble is anticipated.

FUNERAL OF H. W. GRADY.

One of the Largest Demonstrations Ever Known in the South.

Henry W. Grady, the tall editor of the Atlanta Constitution and distinguished orator, who died last week, soon after his return from a vacation in the Oakwood cemetery, Atlanta, Ga., on Christmas night. The body of Mr. Grady was viewed by thousands of persons, and the services were held at the First Methodist church. The employees of the Constitution, headed by President Howell and Business Manager Hemphill, came in a body. They went to the house and gave an escort of honor to the family to the church.

The services were the simplest possible, and in the rear of the church Dr. Martin Lincoln, Dr. Wm. L. Gilmer, Gen. Evans and Dr. Hopkins were the officiating ministers. Readings of selections from the Constitution, singing of hymns and prayers by Dr. Morris and Dr. Barnett, Presbyterian, completed the services.

The singing of Mr. Grady's favorite hymn, "I'm not worthy," was especially touching. The lone procession wended its way to Oakwood and in the family vault of Dr. W. D. Grant, the body of Mr. Grady was laid to rest in his favorite place. One short prayer at the vault and all was over.

Nearly \$100,000 has been raised by the most eminent committee for a monument to Mr. Grady, and only a few subscriptions have been received from outside of Atlanta as yet. Among those who wired sums were from the North, Mrs. A. S. Porter of Boston, \$100, and Charles A. Sinclair of Portsmouth, N. H., \$100.

MOLTEN METAL.

Nine Men Horribly Burned by a Shower of Molten Iron.

New Orleans, Dec. 28.—The Payne's Dallas, Texas, laundry. Nine men were horribly and some fatally burned by a shower of molten metal from an exploding mangle at the Mosher Machine Company's foundry on Royal avenue this afternoon at 6 o'clock. The names of the victims are:

J. A. Dobkins, moulder, body and head nearly riddled by the flying metal. His head was blown off, and his injuries may prove fatal.

John Hughes, moulder, had his clothing burned from his person and both eyes were severely injured. He is now blind, from head to foot, and had to be wrapped in cotton saturated with oil and opiate applied. He is suffering the agonies of death, and it is thought he will die.

Matson, moulder and foreman of the foundry, is also severely burned about the head and arms. A small metal rail one of the sides of almost soaked his foot before he could kick it off.

Charles Hurst received two terrible wounds, one from which the flesh fell in strips and the hand on end out as his clothing was torn from him.

John Wheeler, workman, was severely

burned about the head and shoulders, and knocked senseless by a flying brick.

Ed Avens, Wiley Jones, Mack Hayes, Jake Mitchell, all workmen, were all more or less severely burned about the head and shoulders.

The disable of the men will cause the country to temporarily close.

EMPTY COFFIN BURIED

While the "Corps" listened to the Funeral Services in the Cellar.

STACREUS, N. Y., Dec. 27.—Some days ago the story came from Canandaigua that George I. Reddington, a former resident of that place, had been discovered in an insane asylum in the West. Reddington did go West and took up a claim near Lakin, Kan. He passed as a single man. Some time in June, 1887, he, with August Sherman, William F. Ringle and Samuel Merchant, who occupied adjoining claims, agreed to be married, and were all red in different companies for about \$14.00 a month. The four men were to contribute to the payment of the bridegroom's expenses, and were to receive the debts the policies were to be collected by his co-conspirators, and the proceeds were to be entirely his own. The sum was never paid to the bridegroom, but was given to his wife.

The projected statement to the public by the 11 jurors in the Cronin case will not be made just now, although it has been prepared.

A call for the 22nd annual convention of the Woman Suffrage Association to be held at Washington, Feb. 18 to 21, 1890, has been issued.

At Mokoles Lake, Tex., a man was killed yesterday while resisting arrest, who is thought to be Duke Burrows, the celebrated bandit.

The contractors for the construction of the new cruiser Baltimore having notified the Navy Department that the ship is completed, Capt. Tracy formally instructed Capt. Schley to accept her conditional upon the completion by the contractor of an armament of 120 pounder guns, throwing off about 6000 men out of employment.

Mr. Jefferson Davis will remain at Beauvoir until the arrival of his wife, who has a broken arm, and his incomplete portraitography, and will then go to Colorado Springs.

The continued warm weather has caused the shutting down of 20 coal mines in the vicinity of Scranton and Pittston, Penn., throwing off about 6000 men out of employment.

A colored woman, who was brought just here from the South, was arrested at Beauvoir, and a white woman, who was brought from the South, was released.

At Larchwood, Ia., Dec. 24, Dr. Murphy, a physician, was in the hospital, having suffered a fatal wound, and cut his own throat with a razor, dying almost instantly. Jealousy was the supposed cause.

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